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### GREAT BEND, KANSAS

you leave the boulevards and the restaurants and the new fashioned villas for the old quarters of the capital of Egypt, and find yourself in the lanes and alleys and among the bazaars, then you are transported back to the days of the thousand and one nights. The old part of the city is a romance still. The streets are a moving kaleidoscope. There is a constant stream of men and women of all nations clad in their peculiar costumes, representing a varied but beautiful contrast of color to the eye. There are processions of camels, horses and asses, some with riders and others laden with burdens; and if you are not quick in getting out of the way, they threaten to run you down. We saw as much as was possible during our stay in this Oriental city.

We visited the Mosque and churches, tombs, and museums. Our visit to the grand Mosque was very interesting, it stands without the citadel with its tall minarets and cluster of domes is the most conspicuous landmark of Cairo. It is of great magnitude, and is paved with marble; the bases of the four pillars which support the dome are faced with alabaster, and are rich and effective. At all the Mosque we had to put on slippers over our boots before we were permitted to enter the sacred buildings. It was a difficult task to keep the slippers on, one had to slide along the pavement or carpet or they would come off, and had to be replaced again and again. We saw the Mohammedans at their devotions. They appeared to consist in prayer intoned in a low chant and in many prostrations, when the worshiper bowed so low that their forehead touched the ground. The bazaars are wonderfully attractive and here is seen oriental life as it existed thousands of years ago. You saw the gold smiths in their shops, sellers of carpet woven in the looms of Mecca, vendors of rich stuff from Persia, armchairs, brass mugs, embroiders in silk and gold shoe-makers all busy in selling their wares for which they ask double the price at which they may be eventually obtained. What variety in the crowded, narrow street without sidewalks. Here is a seller of fresh water, here is a pack of asses filling the whole street, loaded down with goods twice the size of themselves, there is a fruit vendor with oranges, lemons and cucumbers and a half clad Arab boy who would fain have you buy his brass ink horn; and everywhere and on all sides you hear the important prayer for "Backsleesh."

We took the trolley car to the Ghizeh Pyramids. It was a very bright and warm Sunday, at the end of the car line we walked over the rising ground to the desert where we came in full view of those gigantic sepulchres of kings, lying between the Nile and Lybian sands with their subterranean chambers for the royal Saraphages and built it is supposed by men learned in Egyptology two thousand years before Christ. What can one say of the sublime movement of the past? As we look on the gigantic massive tombs rising at the edge of the desert, and think of the early age of the world in which they were built, we believe that there must have been giants in those days who built towers whose tops reach so high, giants in conception, giants in art and in engineering skill. To say

that they are impressive is nothing, they fill us with an overwhelming sense of insignificance and of the greatness of the people who built them. And the Sphinx, as we toiled through the hot sand down toward it, some four or five hundred yards from the large pyramid, "Father of Terrors" as it is called by the Arabs, how impressive is this woman headed lion, as sculptured out of the rock, it rises sixty feet above the yellow sand, its back towards the desert, and its once gracious face, now disfigured by the loss of the nose, towards the green and fertile plains. There it has stood for centuries, "staring right on with calm eternal eyes." Around the base of the Sphinx were grouped a number of Arabs, with camels to hire to visitors, to have their photograph taken or to ride around the pyramid. It was so warm standing in the sand, that we were compelled to drag ourselves away to seek shelter from the sun, in the court of a Caffa. As the sun declined a cool breeze sprang up and our return journey to Cairo was made pleasant. One of our Nile expeditions was to Memphis, some four hours steaming up the river in one of the Cook's boats. There was a cold head wind that made it some what unpleasant to remain forward on the deck, but I was bound to see all that could be seen along the banks of this old river. We landed on the right bank of the river and walked across a plain of sand of about a quarter of a mile to a lagoon, here we were carried across to the higher banks by a large boat, poled on by four large swarthy men wearing the Arab dress. On the other side we found our asses waiting for us with a large number of donkeys, men and boys. We mounted our asses and rode through the village of Mitraheryn to the Necropolis. Beyond the palm groves and wide green plain were seen fringing the borders of the Libyan desert, the pyramids of Daskur, Sakkarah and Aboukir. We saw among the palm trees the colossal statue of Romeiss lying on its back, erected for himself and placed in front of the great gate-way of the magnificent temple dedicated to Ptah, the Egyptian Vulcan. The temple is gone and the statue is lying on its back; and strange to say the profile is mild and gentle of this cruel king. We rode out to the Necropolis of the sacred bull. We descended into this gigantic cemetery and looked in amazement on the long galleries hewn out of the rock, and on the high arched vaults, under each of which is placed a black marble Sarcophagus, sculptured with in and without, in which was placed the mummy of the sacred bull. These galleries we saw by the help of a lighted candle. Not far from the Serapeum and lately discovered is the fine temple of Prince Tihi belonging to dynasties some 1200 years before Moses. On the walls of the entrance and the inner chamber are the likenesses of Tihi and his wife and a description of their whole history, the colors being as fresh as if they had just been laid on.

After seeing the wonders of temples and the splendid tombs of bulls and kings, I returned to the village by the banks of the new canal and reached the boat hot, tired and sore, and my anger boiling at high point at my donkey man and boy, for wherever there is a man a boy will be

following him; the man was trying to lead me astray and he certainly tried it, and asking for "Backsleesh." I believe from the start to the finish, he was doing nothing, although he was running after the donkey, but forming excuses for "Backsleesh." This I put a stop to by turning on him with my stick. When we reached the boat (steamer) and about ready to start I found that one of my friends was missing. I got Cooks-man to send back one of the boatmen to find him. He found him a quarter of a mile away coming towards the boat. My friend had been led astray by his donkey man for the purpose of extracting "Backsleesh" from him, the donkey man was joined by others and before he got away from him it cost him five shillings. We reached Cairo about 7 p. m. I was so sore and tired from the donkey ride, that I did not leave the square hotel that evening.

Thursday, Mar. 3rd. We spent the day in Cairo or rather the early part of it in visiting parts of the Bazaars especially the jewelry and curio shops; we found them situated in a long narrow street, about ten feet wide, every ten feet of that street on both sides was a store and work shop, all things in gold, silver, brass and copper were made there and offered for sale. The workmanship as far as I could tell was very fine. I thought that the value of all the goods I saw on that street were worth millions of dollars. The latter part of the day we took the trolley car in various directions to see the different parts of the city. One never tires of seeing the motley crowds of human beings. I spent my last evening in Cairo walking around the square that our hotel is situated on, looking at the hundreds of people in rags and silks eating, drinking gambling in front of drinking places, and I suppose they were as much interested in my movements as I was in theirs. I was walking slowly passing in and out thru the tables, chairs and crowds.

Friday morning was spent in going to Cook's office to get a rate on my European trip and around the hotel settling our accounts there were three of us after dinner we took a train for Alexander, for over three hours our train was passing through a garden like country all irrigated from the river Nili, all the fields were rich in crops of grain, and flocks and herds of cattle, goats and sheep everywhere feeding on rich pasture. It was a scene never to be forgotten. The deep dark green of the crops, the old water wheels going by the aid of an ox, mule or camel, the people in garbs of blue or black working in the fields, plowing with oxen, or a mule or a camel, others hoeing with a short handled hoe, or riding over some road made on the dikes on a donkey or mule, strings of camels with empty or full pinneries of manure for the fields. This manner consists of the sediment left by the Nile water in its flood.

Every train we met was filled with natives. The trains are made up of first, second and 3rd class cars; the large majority of the natives travel 3rd class. We traveled 2nd., class, this class of car is good and clean. I might say here that we were very careful of where we sat and what we ate and drank. I for myself did not drink one mouthful of water from the time I left the boat

(6 days) until I reached it again but one glass full and that was imported from Europe. The natives drink the Nile water freely for they seem to be immune from typhoid fever, but for us it was dangerous. We arrived at the boat in time for dinner and plenty of good water (7 p. m.) Saturday, March 5th, the boat left Alexander for Jaffa.

March 6th. Sunday. Arrived at Jaffa at 6. a. m. we only stayed here an hour as we return on the 12 of March, therefore I will leave the description of this place until we land. We called here to let off such passengers who were going to spend 12 days in Jerusalem. We sailed for Beyruth, the port of Damascus. We arrived there at 6 p. m. Sunday-March 6th. Beyruth this city is situated on a beautiful bay in the shape of hills, that tower up and up for miles, with the great mountains beyond with the snowy tops of Lebanon.

The houses are built of white limestone with red tiled roofs. It is quite a modern city with a population of over 100,000. We left our beds at 5 a. m. had breakfast at 6 o'clock took boat for shore and boarded the train at 7 o'clock and paid a fare of about \$3.50 to Damascus, a nine hour journey by rail. The railroad following the river Barada over the Anti Lebanon and the plateau of Colesque, crossing the Lebanon near AinSafar at an elevation of over 4800 feet. The descent from Lebanon to Damascus and the ascent from Beyruth (by a cog wheel road) affords a beautiful view of the snow covered mountains. It is wonderful how the people of this country till and terrace the mountain side, in every shaded spot, olive orange, lemon, and other fruit trees are planted, many of the trees were in bud and others bearing fruit. It is a long ride in this slow train, crawling up and dolding back going down the mountains. We arrived in Damascus at 5 p. m. Damascus is one of the oldest cities in the world and the largest in Syria, with a population of about 200,000. The easterners call it the "Pearl of the East," and "The Eye of the Desert." They say that here Adam was made from the clay taken from the banks of the river Albana and that the Garden of Eden was in this locality. The beauty and fertility of Damascus are largely due to the abundance of water supplied from the stream of anti-Lebanon. The river Barada intersects the city in a rapid current and by unadversable system of channels and pipes, its waters are not only conveyed through every quarter but into almost every house, supplying that first requisite of eastern life and luxury. We set out from the hotel De Orient with a guide to see all the traditional places in Damascus; the street called Straight, now the street of bazaars, the house of Judas, and the house of Ananias, and part of the wall where St. Paul was let down in a basket when his life was threatened by the Jews; the great Mosque Omagade which stands in a large square of ground in the center of the city, was once a Christian Cathedral where it is said, is buried in the crypt the head of St. John the Baptist, as I stood looking at this wonderful piece of workmanship, I noticed a woman with her face uncovered standing close to the tomb with a child about 5 or 6

years old, by her side the woman was rubbing the rails of the tomb with the flat palm of her hand and then placing it on the face of the child, conveying as it were the virtue of the Martyr to the child. Just outside the Mosque is the tomb of the great Saladin. We visited the cemetery wherein is said the body of St. George is buried. Our guide took us to see a factory wherein were engaged a large number of men women and children in wood and brass work. Some of the children were no more than 5 years old, it was very sad to see such bright little girls toiling all day for the parents to get their wage of 5 cents. We also visited a small house belonging to a Moslem gentleman, the way to it is winding narrow streets, and could never think that such a dwelling should have such unpleasant approach. You enter through a decorated door way through a wall and pass into an open court paved with marble, in the midst of which is a fountain, and around it are planted orange and lemon trees, myrtle and oleander. All the rooms open into the court and the windows look into it, on each side is a reception room with a raised dias the floors are tiled and red rugs laid here and there, and the seats cushioned. The other side of the court is occupied by the Harem and domestic apartments. In some of the Moslem houses many families live, the grand father with his wives, and the son and his wives, and so on. We spent one afternoon visiting the bazaars. They are open or covered streets about twenty feet wide unpaved, lined with shops on either side each shop is about 8 feet front, and from 8 to 10 feet in depth, all kinds of things are made by hand in these shops from the cutting of a diamond to a cart-wheel, all these things are offered for sale. The smell, the dust, and the noise would drive us out into some open place where we could get sunshine, and better air. The streets are the worst paved that has been our fortune to have seen. It was not safe to go out at night as the holes and ruts in the roads were dangerous, and for side-walks, they are few or none. We returned to our hotel dirty and tired, to wash and get dinner and prepare to take the train for Baalbeck at 1:30 p. m.

Baalbeck is an ancient city of Syria, half way between Damascus and Beyruth. We took the train at 11:45 for Baalbeck and traveled all night, we had to change cars at a place called Royak, we would have missed the place if it had not been for boys opening the doors of the car clamouring for "Backsleesh" that we discovered that we had arrived at Royak. It was pitch dark, when we stepped out on the platform of the station, with little or no light from lamps, we had to find our train and proper car (2nd class) in the dark, with people rushing about us if they were mad, no one who could speak English or German could be found, we grouped to the station and into a room with no light (it was 4 a. m.) At last a man came into the station room, and we cried out to him, Baalbeck, Baalbeck, Baalbeck and in a hurried manner he becned us to follow him, and off he ran and we after him pushing our way through the crowds of men and boys, all fighting to get places in this car, at last we found a 2nd class car, and in we got, we tried to keep it to ourselves, but two Arabs and one Jew got in with all their smells, smoking the everlasting cigarette. The car started on its way for Baalbeck, about half an hour after we had left, the conductor came clampering in from the outside of the car, after looking at the tickets, it was discovered that the Jews and the Arabs had 3rd class tickets, then there was a war of words, I was told by a Syrian that it was a common thing of the Jews, to buy a 3rd class and then take a 2nd class car.

(Continued next week.)

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